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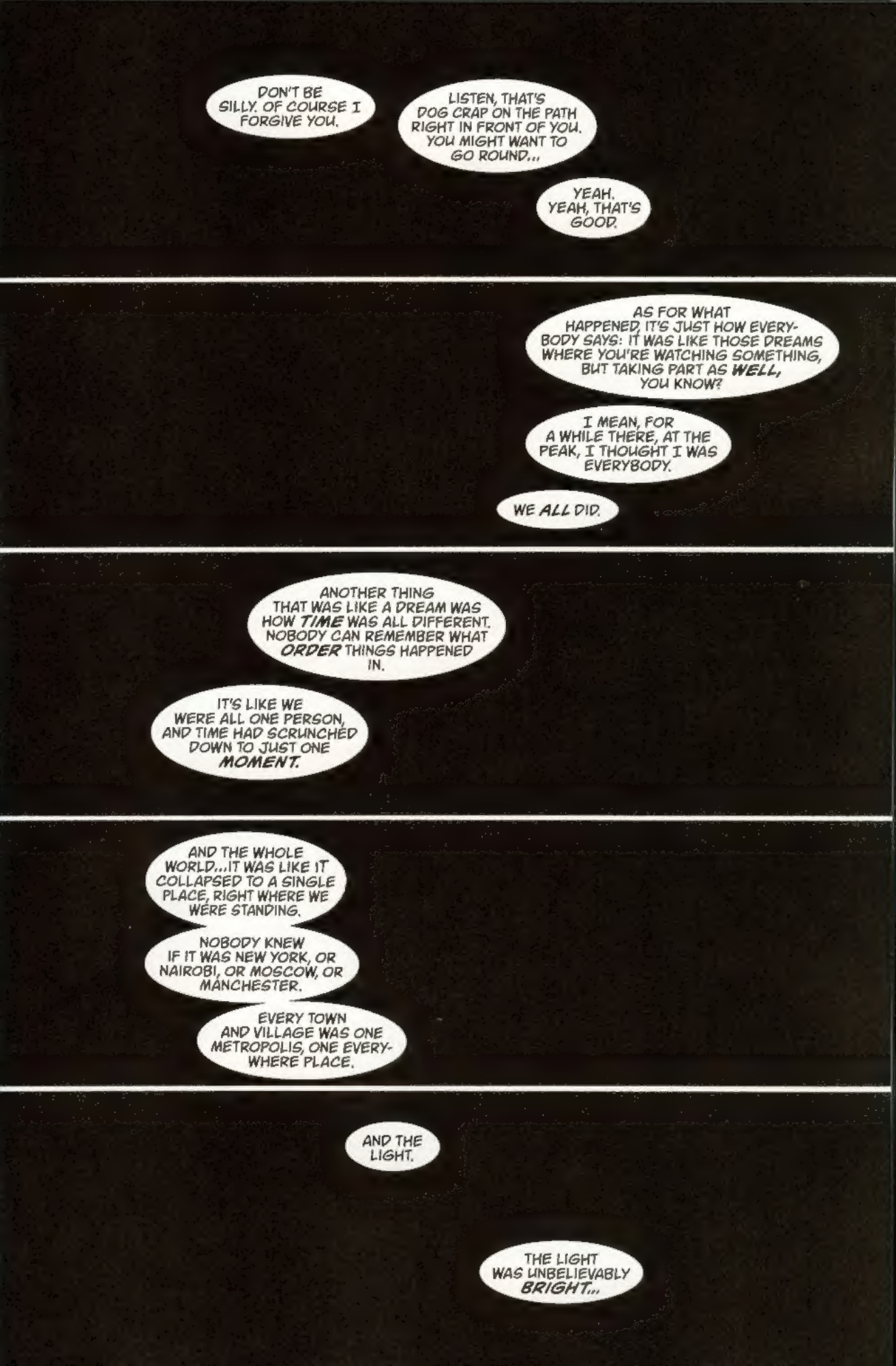
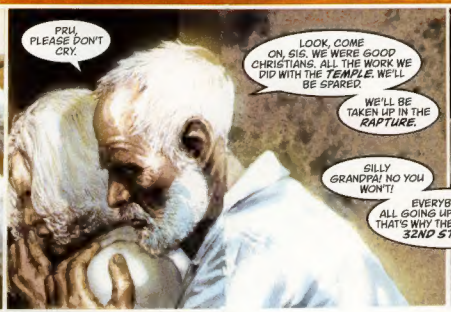

DON'T BE SILLY. OF COURSE I FORGIVE YOU.
LISTEN, THAT'S DOG CRAP ON THE PATH RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU. YOU MIGHT WANT TO GO ROUND...
YEAH. YEAH, THAT'S GOOD.
AS FOR WHAT HAPPENED, IT'S JUST HOW EVERYBODY SAYS: IT WAS LIKE THOSE DREAMS WHERE YOU'RE WATCHING SOMETHING, BUT TAKING PART AS WELL, YOU KNOW?
I MEAN, FOR A WHILE THERE, AT THE PEAK, I THOUGHT I WAS EVERYBODY.
WE ALL DID.
ANOTHER THING THAT WAS LIKE A DREAM WAS HOW TIME WAS ALL DIFFERENT. NOBODY CAN REMEMBER WHAT ORDER THINGS HAPPENED IN.
IT'S LIKE WE WERE ALL ONE PERSON, AND TIME HAD SCRUNCHED DOWN TO JUST ONE MOMENT.
AND THE WHOLE WORLD...IT WAS LIKE IT COLLAPSED TO A SINGLE PLACE, RIGHT WHERE WE WERE STANDING.
NOBODY KNEW IF IT WAS NEW YORK, OR NAIROBI, OR MOSCOW, OR MANCHESTER.
EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE WAS ONE METROPOLIS, ONE EVERYWHERE PLACE.
AND THE LIGHT.
THE LIGHT WAS UNBELIEVABLY BRIGHT...

Promethea The Radiant, Heavenly City


PRU, PLEASE DON'T CRY.
LOOK, COME ON, SIS. WE WERE GOOD CHRISTIANS. ALL THE WORK WE DID WITH THE TEMPLE, WE'LL BE SPARED.
WE'LL BE TAKEN UP IN THE RAPTURE.
SILLY GRANDPA! NO YOU WON'T!
EVERYBODY'S ALL GOING UP TOGETHER. THAT'S WHY THEY'VE OPENED 32ND STREET!

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Jim Lee, Editorial Director **John Nee**, VP—Business Development **Scott Dunbier**, Executive Editor

OH GOD, HENRY, IT'S THEM. THEY'RE ALIVE!
B-BUT... WHERE HAVE YOU ALL BEEN?
WE'VE BEEN WITH THE PIPER-MAN, AND NOW HE'S BROUGHT US BACK TO BOSS YOU AROUND!
HE DIDN'T SAY THAT. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HELP PEOPLE GET USED TO THINGS.
USED TO THINGS?
YES. LIKE ALL OUR CLOCKS BEING WRONG, AND ALL THE DEAD PEOPLE BEING STILL HERE, REALLY.
COME ON, WE'LL SHOW YOU. THE LADY'S GOING TO TALK TO EVERY-BODY.
DON'T WORRY...
...IT'S NOT VERY FAR.
HOTEL
OH, IT'S YOU. COME ON IN.
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO WATCH THE SUN RISE.
GO RIGHT AHEAD. EVERYONE'S THROUGH HERE.

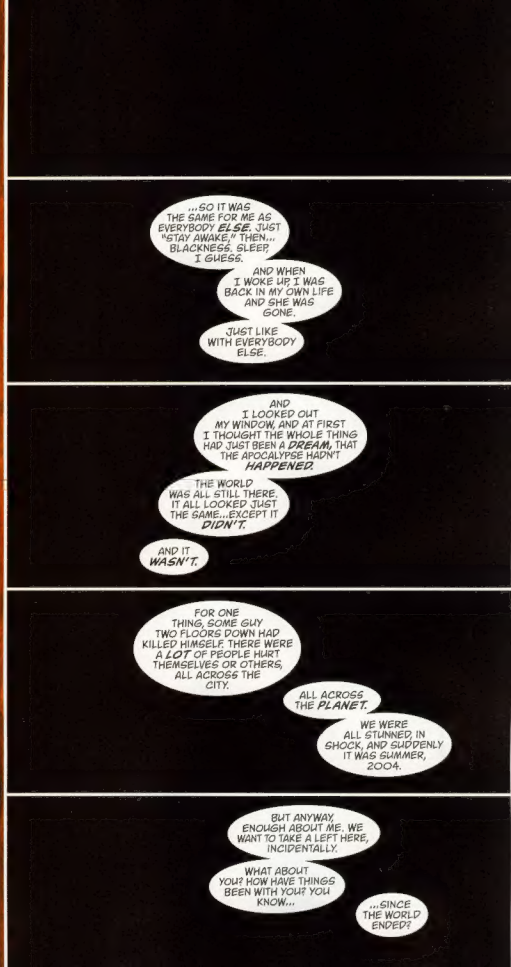
AH. IT'S YOU, GOOD.
I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME TO TALK TO YOU.
COME AND SIT BY THE FIRE.
THANK YOU, BUT...
BUT I'M NOT REALLY HERE, AM I? THIS ROOM ISN'T REAL. NOR ARE YOU.
THIS IS ALL A STORY, SOMETHING I'M DREAMING OR READING...
HMM. PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT.
ALTHOUGH ISN'T HAVING A DREAM OR READING A BOOK A REAL EXPERIENCE?
AFTER ALL, REAL OR NOT, THIS ROOM IS WHERE YOUR AWARENESS IS CURRENTLY CENTERED.
AND SOMEONE'S TALKING TO YOU.
WELL, YES, BUT... I MEAN, IF IT'S A DREAM, IT'S MY OWN SUBCONSCIOUS TALKING.
IF IT'S A BOOK, IT'S JUST SOME WRITER. EITHER WAY, YOU'RE A FICTION.
HA HA! YOU'RE WONDERFUL. YOU'RE ALWAYS SO DIFFICULT.
OHHHH... DON'T LOOK HURT. I JUST MEANT THAT'S ONE OF THE REASONS I LOVE YOU. YOU'RE STUBBORN. YOU DON'T JUST ACCEPT THINGS.
OKAY. NOW LISTEN TO ME.
YES, PROMETHEA'S FICTION. NOBODY EVERY CLAIMED OTHERWISE.
I NEVER LIED. I'M AT LEAST AN HONEST FICTION. A TRUE FICTION.
A FICTION THAT CAN ENTER YOUR DREAMS, POSSESS HER CREATORS, TALK THROUGH THEM TO YOU.
I'M AN IDEA. BUT I'M A REAL IDEA.
I'M THE IDEA OF THE HUMAN IMAGINATION...
...WHICH, WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT, IS THE ONLY THING WE CAN REALLY BE CERTAIN ISN'T IMAGINARY.
NO. DON'T SAY ANYTHING. JUST HOLD MY HAND AND LISTEN.
YOUR HAND'S WARM. THAT'S NICE. IT MAKES THIS ALL SORT OF GIRLFRIENDLY.
SEE, I'M IMAGINATION. I'M REAL, AND I'M THE BEST FRIEND YOU EVER HAD.
WHO DO YOU THINK GOT YOU ALL THIS COOL STUFF?
THE CLOTHES YOU'RE WEARING. THE ROOM, THE HOUSE, THE CITY THAT YOU'RE IN.
EVERYTHING IN IT STARTED OUT IN THE HUMAN IMAGINATION. YOUR LIVES, YOUR PERSONALITIES, YOUR WHOLE WORLD. ALL INVENTED.
ALL MADE UP.
ALL THE WARS, THE ROMANCES, THE MASTERPIECES AND THE MACHINES.
AND THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT A FUNNY LITTLE TWIST OF AMINO ACIDS, PLAYING A MARVELOUS GAME OF PRETEND.
NOTHING HERE BUT ME AND YOU.
ME AND YOU, LITTLE LIFESNAKE. BY THE FIRE WHERE WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN SINCE THIS ROOM WAS A CAVE. DO YOU REMEMBER?
WHEN YOU FIRST THOUGHT YOU SAW THINGS IN THE FLAMES, IN THE DANCING SHADOWS...
...AND YOU NEED ME TO TELL YOU A TALE.
A STORY GRAND AND GLORIOUS.

BEGUN LIKE ALL ADVENTURES WITH A BANG, ALL SPACE, ALL TIME, EVEN THIS INSTANT NOW, EXPLODES FROM NOUGHT INTO FOREVER, AN EXCEPTIONALLY LUCKY DIAMOND POOL-BREAK.
AGAINST ALL ODDS, HAD THIS EXPLOSION HAPPENED DIFFERENTLY, WE HAVE A COSMOS CAPABLE OF FORMING SOLAR SYSTEMS, PLANETS, LIFE. OF FORMING US, TO WITNESS EVERYTHING.
THIS IS THE STRONG ANTHROPIC PRINCIPLE: SENTIENT LIFE APPEARS TO BE WHAT ALL EXISTENCE IS CONTRIVED TO ENGINEER, THE POINT OF ALL THESE ATOMS, NEBULAE AND CONFLAGRATIONS.
A MIDNIGHT SNOW-GLOBE FLECKED WITH NOVAS, HAPPENING ALL AT ONCE IN FOUR DIMENSIONS. ALL TIME, EVEN TIME'S END, CAUGHT WITHIN THIS GLITTERING, ENDLESS, HYPER-MOMENT.
OUR CONSCIOUSNESS, A STARTLING OUTGROWTH OF THE UNIVERSE, IS POSSIBLY ITS MOST IMPORTANT PART, THE FRACTION OF EXISTENCE THAT CAN THINK, FEEL, MARVEL AT ITSELF.
WE ARE ALL SPACETIME'S SENSORY ORGANS, SPACETIME'S MIND, OUR THOUGHTS AND LIVES NAUGHT BUT THE THREE-DIMENSIONAL, MATERIAL EXPRESSION OF ITS BLAZING AND IMMORTAL SOUL.
THIS JEWEL OF BEING, BIG BANG FLARED AT ONE END, BIG CRUNCH AT THE OTHER, SIMULTANEOUS, ALL GOING ON RIGHT NOW, A PERFECT FROZEN FIRE.
THE WORLD IS YOUNG, OUR MOST REMOTE ANCESTORS NOT YET BORN. THE WORLD IS OLD, AND WE HAVE ALL BEEN DEAD FOR DECADES, CENTURIES.
DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

COMPLEX, SELF-ORGANIZING LIFE SOMEHOW EMERGES FROM THE BOILING CLAY OF SPACETIME. PIN-SPARKS OF AWARENESS DUST ITS COUNTENANCE. PLANKTON IMPERATIVES AND MOSS AGENDAS. LUNGFISH DREAMS.
THE BIG BANG NEVER ENDED.
ALL THINGS, EVERY STAR, EACH WORLD, EACH SPECIES, EVERYTHING WE MAKE OR DO OR THINK, ALL PART OF ITS CONTINUING ERUPTION.
HERE WE STAND FOR OUR BRIEF MOMENT, AMIDST THE BLAZE AND THUNDER, MARVELING AS FIRE STREAMERS FROM THE BLAST SPROUT FINS, FLAMINGO FEATHERS, CHRYSLER BUILDINGS.
THIS ASTOUNDING TUMBLE INTO BEING, AS IF AN EXPLOSION AT A CHEMICAL WORKS HAS SOMEHOW SPAT OUT AN ORNAMENTAL GARDEN, A CATHEDRAL, AND A ZOO.
ALL THINGS ARE PRECIPITATED BY THE NATURE OF EXISTENCE. NOTHING, THEREFORE, IS UNNATURAL, BE IT BEE-HIVE OR TERMITE MOUND OR ALL OUR SHINING, POISONED CITIES.
EVERYTHING IS UNIVERSE. EVERYTHING IS HOLY. LIFE AND CONSCIOUSNESS CREATION'S RAREST EMBERS. OUR CADUCEUS DNA, A BRILLIANT FLAW, TWISTS THROUGH THIS STARRY, FOUR-DIMENSIONAL JEWELLED ORRERY.
AND ALL OF US, THE LIFESNAKE'S MYRIAD CONTINGENCIES, EMBROILED IN THREE DIMENSIONS, SUFFERING TIME'S ILLUSION, FEAR OUR END, DON'T UNDERSTAND EACH SECOND IS ETERNAL, HERE FOREVER.
OUR LIVES ARE BUBBLES, DECADES WIDE, SUSPENDED IN ETERNITY, EACH HOUR IMMORTAL.
TRIUMPHS, HEARTBREAKS, HEAVEN, HELL. PARADISE EVERLASTING. ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.
NO INSTANT EVER DIES. LIVE JOYFULLY.
LIVE WELL.

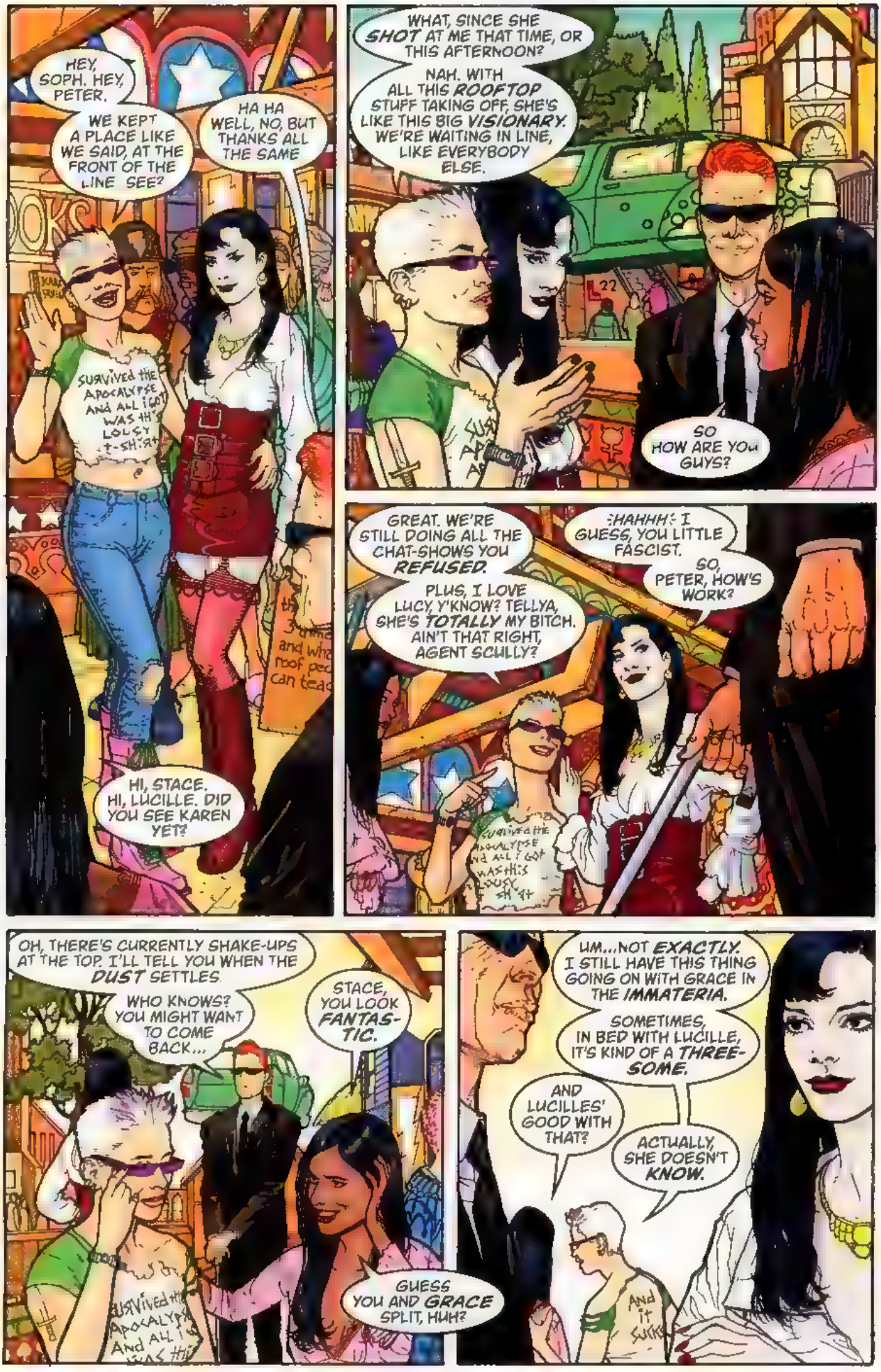
LIVE KNOWING THAT YOU ARE ALREADY DUST, LONG GONE, ALREADY OUTSIDE TIME AND LOOKING IN, REVIEWING LIFE, FINALLY UNDERSTANDING EVERY DÉJÀ VU, YOUR OWN GUARDIAN ANGEL.
KNOW THAT THE SCORCHED-BLACK DEMONS AND THE PRISTINE, FLUTTERING SERAPHS ARE IN SOME SENSE NAUGHT BUT YOU YOURSELF UNPACKED, UNFOLDED IN A HIGHER SPACE...
...FROM WHENCE THE MYRIAD GODS UNFURL, NOT BYGONE LEGENDS BUT YOUR ONCE AND FUTURE SELVES, YOUR ATTRIBUTES BLOSSOMED INTO THEIR PUREST AND MOST POTENT SYMBOL-FORMS.
AND THESE, WITH ALL THEIR BEAST-HEADS, CROWNS AND LIGHTINGS, ALL THEIR DIFFERENT COLORS, ARE BECOME COMBINED INTO THE SINGLE WHITENESS THAT IS GODHEAD. THAT IS ALL.
THIS, THEN, IS REVELATION. ALL IS ONE, AND ALL IS DEITY. THIS BEAUTIFUL UNDYING FIRE OF BEING THAT IS EVERYWHERE ABOUT US, THAT WE ARE.
O MAN, O WOMAN, KNOW YOURSELF, AND KNOW YOU ARE DIVINE.
RESPECT YOURSELF. RESPECT THE LEAST PHENOMENON OF YOUR EXISTENCE AS IT WERE THE BREATH OF GOD.
KNOW THAT OUR UNIVERSE IS ALL ONE PLACE, A SINGLE FIRELIT ROOM, ALL TIME A SINGLE MOMENT. KNOW THAT THERE HAS ONLY EVER BEEN ONE PERSON HERE.
KNOW YOU ARE EVERYTHING, FOREVER.
KNOW I LOVE YOU.

I KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU IN THIS ROOM, THIS WOMB, OF WARM AND GATHERING SHADOWS...
IN THIS VELVET MOTHER NIGHT, AS THE WHITE GLARE OF REVELATION FADES...
DIMS TO A PRISM-TINGLE IN THE NERVES, THE MIND, THE HEART.
AN AFTERGLOW.
REJOICE. YOUR WORLD IS ENDED.
THE BELIEFS WHEREUPON IT WAS FOUNDED TURN TO AIR BEFORE THE QUANTUM SCRUTINY OF YOUR NEW SCIENCE, WERE NEVER TRULY THERE.
TIME'S JAIL-YARDS ARE UNLOCKED, THE PRISON OF MATERIAL AMBITION THAT REDUCED YOU NOW DEMOLISHED.
REJOICE. RETURN NOW TO YOUR SEPARATE MOMENTS, SELVES, AND ROOMS, AND KNOW THAT SEPARATION FOR ILLUSION.
KNOW THAT YOU WERE ONE, WERE HERE, AND IN ETERNITY ARE HERE FOREVER.
HERE, WHERE SUDDEN FIRELIGHT IN YOUR SOUL STARTLED YOU FROM YOUR WORLDLY SLUMBER.
STAY AWAKE.


...SO IT WAS THE SAME FOR ME AS EVERYBODY ELSE. JUST "STAY AWAKE," THEN... BLACKNESS. SLEEP, I GUESS.
AND WHEN I WOKE UP I WAS BACK IN MY OWN LIFE AND SHE WAS GONE.
JUST LIKE WITH EVERYBODY ELSE.
AND I LOOKED OUT MY WINDOW, AND AT FIRST I THOUGHT THE WHOLE THING HAD JUST BEEN A DREAM, THAT THE APOCALYPSE HADN'T HAPPENED.
THE WORLD WAS ALL STILL THERE. IT ALL LOOKED JUST THE SAME...EXCEPT IT DIDN'T.
AND IT WASN'T.
FOR ONE THING, SOME GUY TWO FLOORS DOWN HAD KILLED HIMSELF. THERE WERE A LOT OF PEOPLE HURT THEMSELVES OR OTHERS, ALL ACROSS THE CITY.
ALL ACROSS THE PLANET.
WE WERE ALL STUNNED, IN SHOCK, AND SUDDENLY IT WAS SUMMER, 2004.
BUT ANYWAY, ENOUGH ABOUT ME. WE WANT TO TAKE A LEFT HERE, INCIDENTALLY.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? HOW HAVE THINGS BEEN WITH YOU? YOU KNOW...
...SINCE THE WORLD ENDED?

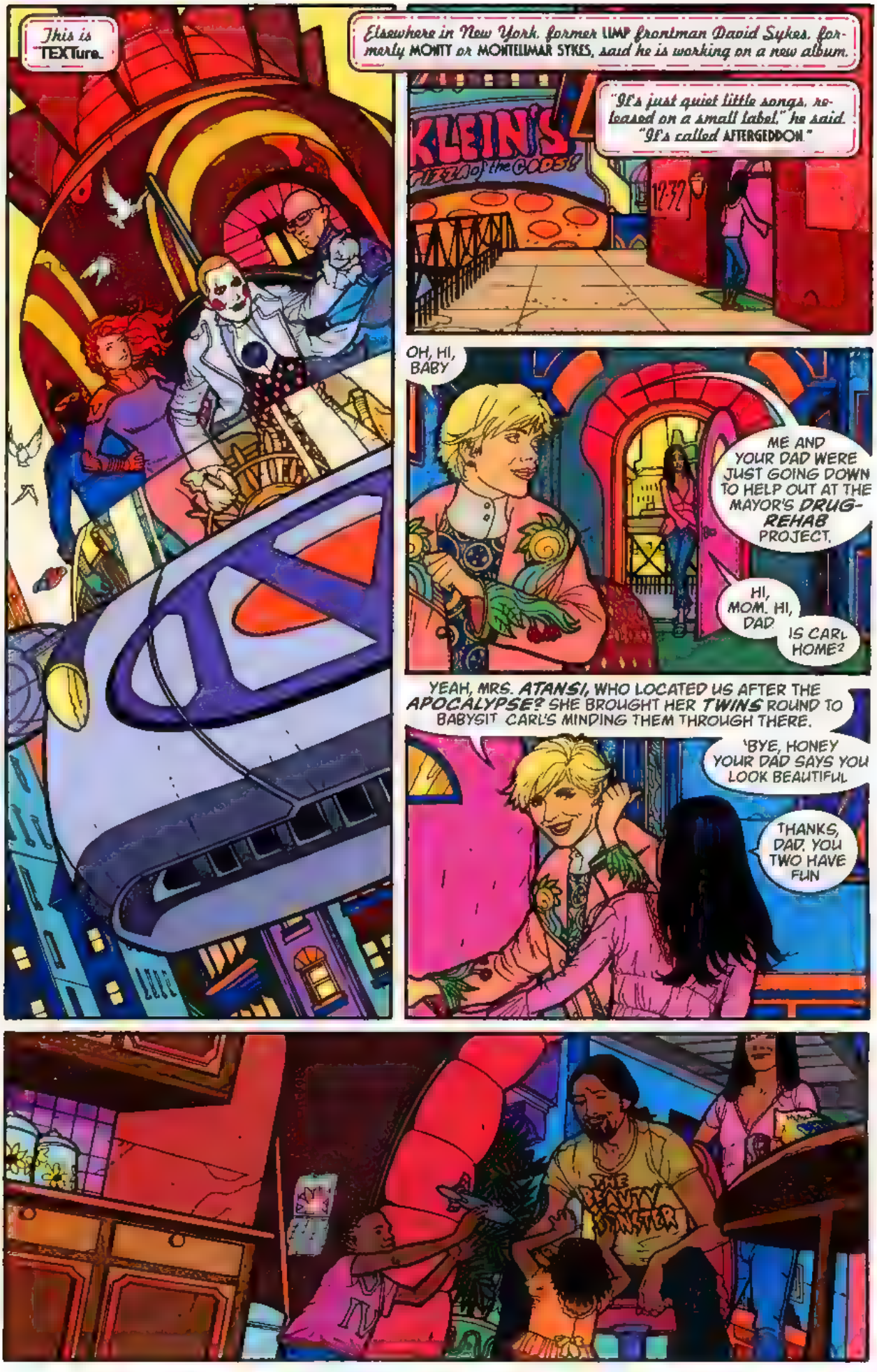
GOOD, I GUESS.
YEAH.
YEAH, PRETTY GOOD.
I MEAN, I DECIDED NOT TO REPLACE MY ARTIFICIAL RETINAS, SO I'M STILL SORT OF ADJUSTING TO ALL THIS.
BUT IT'S BETTER. I THINK I'M HAPPIER. I DON'T KNOW.
AND YOU'RE STILL WITH THE FEDS?
YEAH. A LOT OF AGENTS QUIT, LIKE KAREN AND LUCILLE, BUT SOME OF US ARE HANGING IN.
THE FBI'S CHANGING. THESE ELECTIONS COMING UP, WHO KNOWS?
DID I HEAR DENNIS DRUCKER HAS REJOINED THE BUREAU?
HA HA! DENNIS IS AMAZING. IT'S LIKE THE APOCALYPSE DROVE HIM SANE.
HE'S A TERRIFIC AGENT, AND HE HAS THIS HAPPY RELATIONSHIP IN HIS HEAD WITH...WELL, ONE OF THE PROMETHEAS, I SUPPOSE.
ACTUALLY, I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT, THIS SPIRITUAL THING EVERYONE'S GETTING INTO.
SEE, IT'S WEIRD. SINCE WHAT HAPPENED, I FIND I'M DRAWN TO THE BAPTIST STUFF I USED TO ARGUE WITH MY DAD ABOUT.
Understanding
A SCENT FOR A NEW WAY OF Life
SIZZLE

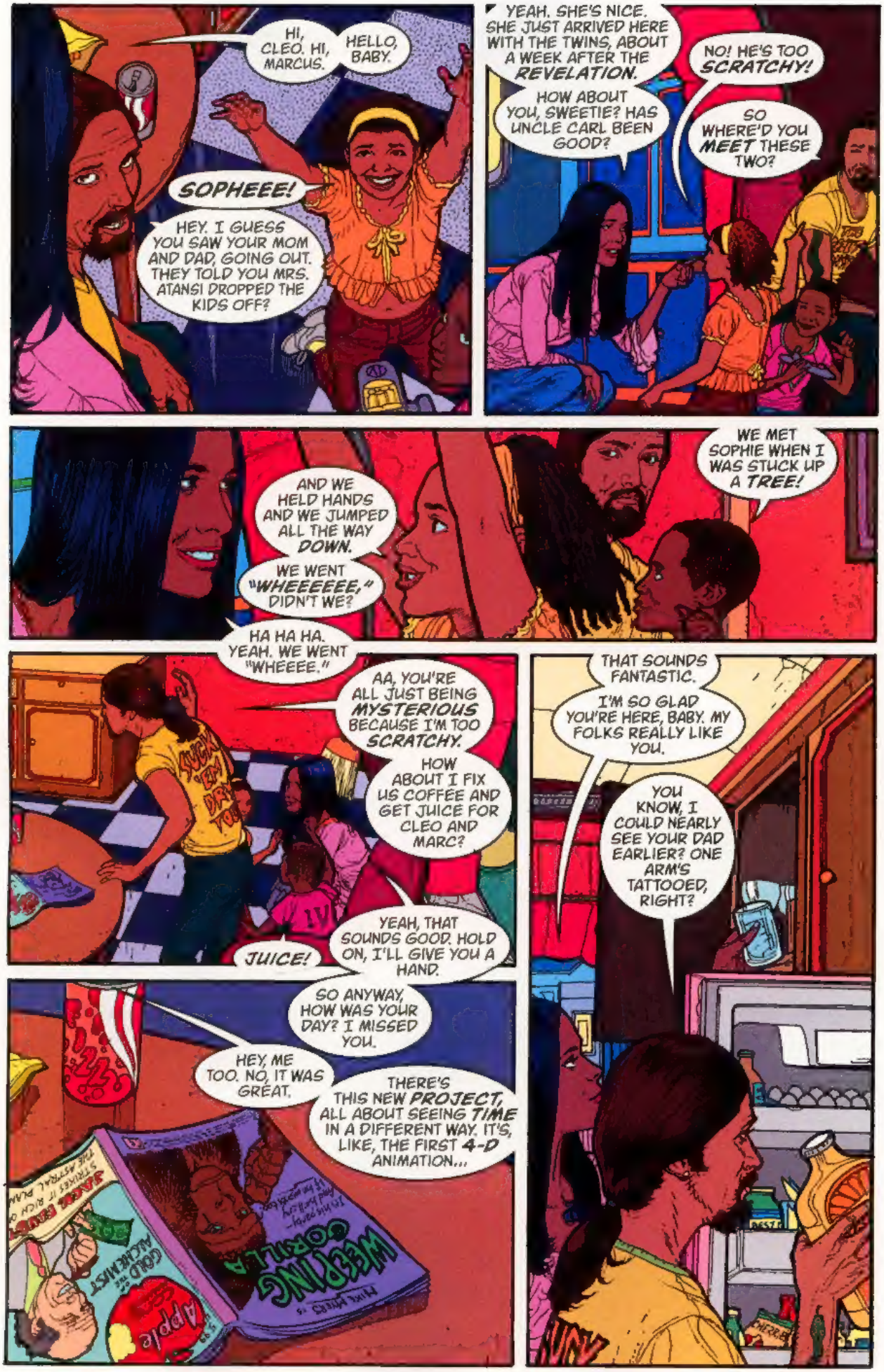
I PROBABLY HAVE A DIFFERENT TAKE ON IT THAN MY DAD...
I MEAN, HE HAS A DIFFERENT TAKE SINCE HE DIED. I WAS TALKING TO HIM IN MY IMAGINATION THE OTHER NIGHT.
IT WAS NICE.
SO, LIKE I HAVE THIS BAPTIST BUSINESS GOING ON, BUT AT THE SAME TIME...
WELL, I'M SORT OF WORSHIPPING THIS PAGAN HEARTH-GODDESS CALLED HESTIA.
YEAH, WELL, THAT'S OKAY.
IT'S OKAY TO WORSHIP EVERYTHING.
I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE THERE WEREN'T GOING TO STILL BE QUESTIONS AND CHOICES AFTER THE APOCALYPSE.
WHAT, DID WE THINK WE'D ALL JUST GO TO HEAVEN AND THERE'D BE NO MORE PROBLEMS, OR DISEASES, OR EARTHQUAKES?
NO, WE ALL WOKE UP THE DAY AFTER THE WORLD ENDED, AND WE STILL HAD TO FEED OURSELVES AND KEEP A ROOF OVER OUR HEADS.
LIFE GOES ON, Y'KNOW?
LIFE GOES ON
IT'S NOT EVEN LIKE THERE AREN'T STILL WARS AND MURDERS AND RAPES.
HOTEL PENTECOST
EVERYBODY HAD THE REVELATION, BUT NOT EVERYBODY UNDERSTOOD IT, OR TOOK ANY NOTICE OF IT.
THOUGH MAYBE ENOUGH PEOPLE DID. THINGS ARE CHANGING.
"MAYBE"? YOU AREN'T SURE?
HEY, I'M JUST SOPHIE. I'M NOT PROMETHEA ANYMORE.
I ENDED THE WORLD. MY SHIFT'S OVER. SHE'S MOVED ON, AND I GOT MY LIFE BACK.
SAY, HERE'S THE BOOKSTORE, RIGHT AHEAD.
Signing here today
KAREN BREUGHEL
Babies on the Slates
the limits of the 3rd dimension


HEY, SOPH. HEY, PETER.
WE KEPT A PLACE LIKE WE SAID, AT THE FRONT OF THE LINE SEE?
HA HA WELL, NO, BUT THANKS ALL THE SAME
SURVIVED THE APOCALYPSE AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT
HI, STACE. HI, LUCILLE. DID YOU SEE KAREN YET?
WHAT, SINCE SHE SHOT AT ME THAT TIME, OR THIS AFTERNOON?
NAH. WITH ALL THIS ROOFTOP STUFF TAKING OFF, SHE'S LIKE THIS BIG VISIONARY. WE'RE WAITING IN LINE, LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE.
SO HOW ARE YOU GUYS?
GREAT. WE'RE STILL DOING ALL THE CHAT-SHOWS YOU REFUSED.
:HAHHH: I GUESS, YOU LITTLE FASCIST.
SO, PETER, HOW'S WORK?
PLUS, I LOVE LUCY, Y'KNOW? TELLYA, SHE'S TOTALLY MY BITCH. AIN'T THAT RIGHT, AGENT SCULLY?
OH, THERE'S CURRENTLY SHAKE-UPS AT THE TOP. I'LL TELL YOU WHEN THE DUST SETTLES.
WHO KNOWS? YOU MIGHT WANT TO COME BACK...
STACE, YOU LOOK FANTASTIC.
GUESS YOU AND GRACE SPLIT, HUH?
UM...NOT EXACTLY. I STILL HAVE THIS THING GOING ON WITH GRACE IN THE IMMATERIA.
SOMETIMES, IN BED WITH LUCILLE, IT'S KIND OF A THREESOME.
AND LUCILLES' GOOD WITH THAT?
ACTUALLY, SHE DOESN'T KNOW.
And it sucks

ANYWAY, WHAT'S WITH YOU? NOW YOU'RE NOT PROMETHEA YOU DON'T VISIT THE IMMATERIA ANYMORE?
NOT AS MUCH JUST DREAMS AND STUFF YOU KNOW.
NO, LIFE'S REAL GOOD, DID YOU HEAR I WENT BACK TO COLLEGE?
SOPH, YOU ARE SUCH A NERD...
YEAH, I KNOW I EVEN FINALLY HANDED IN THE PROMETHEA PAPER THAT KICKED ALL THIS OFF.
HEY, AND MY GUY CARL, FROM MILLENNIUM? HE MOVED HERE AND GOT WORK.
HE'S STARTING IN ANIMATION, SO WE'RE LIVING AT TRISH'S PLACE
WE EVEN TALKED ABOUT GETTING MARRIED. CARL MENTIONED SOME PAGAN CEREMONY, BUT...
I DUNNO I KINDA WANTED A CATHOLIC WEDDING, WITH EVERYTHING
EEEK!
SOPHIE, THAT'S GROSS!
THAT'S WAY TOO MUCH INFORMATION
I MEAN, DO I TALK TO YOU ABOUT VIBRATORS?
WELL, ACTUALLY, YEAH
ANYWAY, I GOTTA GO SEE CARL NOW. TAKE CARE, EVERYBODY.
SEE YOU, SOPHIE.
'BYE, SOPHIE
...is TEXTure. Since their recent WEDDING, Mayoral couple UVULA CASCADE and SONNY BASKERVILLE have announced their plans for the city.
These include connecting Homeless shelters and food programs with local REGENERATION schemes, and experimenting with legalized prostitution in select lightly-controlled districts.
TEXTure
the Love CLUB
Come and get Kissed

Speaking yesterday, Mayor Cascade said, "By combining tough decisiveness with a compassionate approach to New York's problems, we hope to achieve double penetration."
This is TEXTure.
Live Joyfully Live Well
In other news, NY plutocrat HENRY ROYCE has announced that the new ROYCE TEMPLE FOUNDATION will be run by his grandchildren.
The children, missing and feared dead until the recent pan-global event, say the foundation will help people adjust to a post-event world.
Speaking yesterday joint chairperson POLLY ROYCE, aged six, said "Everybody can stay up as late as they want. Do you like worms?"
This is TEXTure.
Reports just in from MILLENNIUM suggest that TOM STRONG, deeply affected by personal revelations during the event, is permanently reconvening science-team AMERICA'S BEST
NY heroine PROMETHEA, apparently no longer physically incarnate, won't be included.
Strong has assured fans that the full story of his experience during the event will eventually appear in his official comic book, from ABC.
HA HA HA HA!
This is TEXTure.
SO I SAID, "BOSS, THE WORLD'S ENDING! YOU CAN SHOVE YOUR JOB!"
HA HA HA
Back home New York's MILLIONAIRE'S CLUB welcomes its newest member...
...former science villain and sleazy weirdo JACK FAUST, riding high on public post-event interest in magic.
Speaking from his Jacuzzi earlier, Mr. Faust said journalists could "Do what they will with their $#%&ing interview."


This is "TEXTure."
Elsewhere in New York, former LIMP frontman David Sykes, formerly MONTY or MONTELLMAR SYKES, said he is working on a new album.
"It's just quiet little songs, released on a small label," he said. "It's called AFTERGEDDON."
KLEIN'S
12:32
OH, HI, BABY
ME AND YOUR DAD WERE JUST GOING DOWN TO HELP OUT AT THE MAYOR'S DRUG-REHAB PROJECT.
HI, MOM. HI, DAD
IS CARL HOME?
YEAH, MRS. ATANSI, WHO LOCATED US AFTER THE APOCALYPSE? SHE BROUGHT HER TWINS ROUND TO BABYSIT CARL'S MINDING THEM THROUGH THERE.
'BYE, HONEY YOUR DAD SAYS YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL
THANKS, DAD. YOU TWO HAVE FUN
THE BEAUTY SHOP


HI, CLEO. HI, MARCUS.
HELLO, BABY.
SOPHEEE!
HEY. I GUESS YOU SAW YOUR MOM AND DAD, GOING OUT. THEY TOLD YOU MRS. ATANSI DROPPED THE KIDS OFF?
YEAH. SHE'S NICE. SHE JUST ARRIVED HERE WITH THE TWINS, ABOUT A WEEK AFTER THE REVELATION.
HOW ABOUT YOU, SWEETIE? HAS UNCLE CARL BEEN GOOD?
NO! HE'S TOO SCRATCHY!
SO WHERE'D YOU MEET THESE TWO?
WE MET SOPHIE WHEN I WAS STUCK UP A TREE!
AND WE HELD HANDS AND WE JUMPED ALL THE WAY DOWN.
WE WENT "WHEEEEEE," DIDN'T WE?
HA HA HA. YEAH. WE WENT "WHEEEE."
AA, YOU'RE ALL JUST BEING MYSTERIOUS BECAUSE I'M TOO SCRATCHY.
HOW ABOUT I FIX US COFFEE AND GET JUICE FOR CLEO AND MARC?
JUICE!
YEAH, THAT SOUNDS GOOD. HOLD ON, I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND.
SO ANYWAY, HOW WAS YOUR DAY? I MISSED YOU.
HEY, ME TOO. NO, IT WAS GREAT.
THERE'S THIS NEW PROJECT, ALL ABOUT SEEING TIME IN A DIFFERENT WAY. IT'S, LIKE, THE FIRST 4-D ANIMATION...
WEEPING COMICS
THAT SOUNDS FANTASTIC.
I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE, BABY. MY FOLKS REALLY LIKE YOU.
YOU KNOW, I COULD NEARLY SEE YOUR DAD EARLIER? ONE ARM'S TATTOOED, RIGHT?

YEAH. A WINGED SNAKE.
YOU KNOW, HE TELLS ME I SHOULD WATCH YOU. HE SAYS YOU HAVE DIRTY THOUGHTS ABOUT ME ALL THE TIME.
DAMN, HOW'D HE KNOW THAT? IS THAT SUPER-NATURAL IN-SIGHT, OR WHAT?
I GUESS.
YOU'RE SURE YOU WOULDN'T PREFER PROMETHEA? I MEAN, SHE KIND OF TOOK THE BOOBS WITH HER WHEN SHE LEFT.
HEY, COME HERE.
SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL LIKE LIGHTNING. SHE WASN'T ANYTHING I COULD HOLD.
NO. ME NEITHER. YOU'RE RIGHT. SHE WAS LIGHTNING. SHE WAS A CURRENT PASSING THROUGH ME.
I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT THAT A LOT AND, HEY, YEAH, I GET IT.
SURE.
AND THAT'S HOW THE WORLD ENDS, HUH?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN, LIKE, IT DOESN'T END WITH A BANG, RIGHT? OR A WHIMPER.
IT ENDS WITH, "HEY, YEAH, I GET IT."
KISS ME, SOPHIE. A FOUR-DIMENSIONAL ONE, THAT LASTS FOREVER.
AWWW.
AREN'T THEY JUST THE SWEETEST COUPLE?
WELL, SOPHIE DESERVES SOMEONE LIKE THAT. SHE OVERSAW THE APOCALYPSE, THE HEAVIEST TASK OF ALL.
YES, DARLING, AND THE ASTONISHING THING IS, IT DIDN'T KILL HER.

MISTRESS GRACE SPEAKS TRULY. I DIED IN CHILDBIRTH. YOU, MISTRESS MARGARET, TOOK YOUR OWN LIFE...
YES. YES, I DID, AFTER WHAT I'D SEEN IN THE WAR.
MM. AND THE NIGHT QUEEN HAD ME POISONED AND GOT POOR BILL SHOT, BUT SOPHIE'S FINE.
SO FAR, BUT...WELL, WHAT IF SHE DECIDED TO BECOME PROMETHEA AGAIN? SHE'S STILL YOUNG...
DARLING, THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN. YOU'VE SEEN HOW HAPPY SHE IS JUST BEING SOPHIE.
YEAH. BESIDES, THE PROMETHEA SPIRIT LOOKS LIKE IT MOVED ON FROM HER.
AYE. MAYHAP THE PROMETHEA SOUL IS AFTER SIXTEEN CENTURIES RE-UNITED WITH HER FATHER, RESTING, HER TASK COMPLETED.
HUH. SHE IS LAZY, I BET. YES.
MARGIE, HONEY, WHY DON'T YOU SHUT YOUR LITTLE PIE-HOLE?
ANYWAY, HOW DO WE KNOW HER TASK'S COMPLETED?
SURE, PROMETHEA WAS NEEDED TO USHER IN A NEW WORLD... BUT WHAT IF SHE'S NEEDED TO HELP PEOPLE ADJUST TO IT?
WELL, DEAR, HERMES HELP US IF THAT'S TRUE, BECAUSE SOPHIE'S CLEARLY OUT OF THE RUNNING.
UM...GRACE? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
I'M SAYING WE'D HAVE TO GET A NEW ONE.
MORE MOTH WINE, ANYONE?
THE END
IT'S A WRAP! BE HERE NEXT TIME FOR OUR FINAL ISSUE AND OUR SPECTACULAR...
WRAPARTY

HOOM, BABY!
Freebeard Scans
FOR #0